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THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Quack-Astrologer:
OR, THE
SPURIOUS PROGNOSTICATOR
Anatomiz'd.

Si populus vult posthæc decipi, decipiatur.

With Allowance.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold at the
Book-sellers Shops, 1673.

1837

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The Books Apology to the Legi-
timate Sons of Art.

I Do confess Urania Divine
And honour all brave Souls that Court her shrine
With chaste addresses; for 'tis Arts disgrace,
A spurious Brood hatch'd of infernal race.
I combat with Impostors that do shame
Astrology, by boasting of its name.
Their tricks and frauds only whilst I expose,
I dare predict none will appear my Foes
But who are conscious they are some of those.
Whoe're therefore's offended at my sight
And thinks himself concern'd, He's in the right.

Consciens ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

CHAP. I.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
STATE OF THE CITY
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS
IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY

THE CHARACTER

OF A

Quack-Astrologer :

OR,

'The spurious Prognosticator Anatomiz'd.

A Quack Astrologer is a *Gypsy* of the upper Form, a *Wizard* unfledg'd, Doctor *Faustus* in swadling Clouts; the sag end of a *South-sayer*, or the Cub of a *Conjurer* not lick'd into perfection; one that hath heard o'th' *Black Art*, and his fingers *Itch* to be dabling in't, but wanting *Courage* to meet the *Dive* at a personal Treaty, chuses to deal with him obliquely, by way of a *cheat*, rather than by the direct Negotiation of a *Familiar* :

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The Character of

A three-penny *Prophet*, that undertakes the telling other-folks *Fortunes*, meerly to supply the pinching necessities of his own; whose stock of Learning lyes all in *Reversion*, and his knowledge only of *Futurety*, for he understands neither things *past* nor *present*, yet (as *Owls* see best i'th' dark) kens to an *Hairs-breath* those to come. He boasts himself *Heavens Secretary*, the *Stars Privy Councillor*, perswades you that he can jilt the book of Fate, and pick-lock the secrets of the *Destinies*, but is in truth a paltry *Hocus*, whose *Juggling box* is a *Scheme*, *Planets houses*, and *Aspects* his several *Properties*, and his whole *Art* but a well contriv'd *Faculty* or *Legerdemain* to buble inquisitive and credulous *Fools* of their *Money*. He differs from an honest, able *Artist*, as a *Licentiate* from a *Doctor*. His natural *impudence*, and a stolen *Ephemeris* set him up, and he begins at once to be a *Student* and a *Professor*; one night

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night sprouts forth this *Mushroom* of
Science so high, from its native dung-
hil, that forthwith,

Sublimi ferit sidera vertice.

For by *bungling* in the worst part o'th'
Mathematicks, from *saucy Jack* in an in-
stant he commences *Master Doctor*; no
sooner has he learn'd the *Mystery* to set
a *figure*, but he fancies himself, a whole
Sphear above *Tycho Brahe*, or *Fryar Bacon*; and is more proud of the knack of
finding out *part of Fortune*, than *Colum-
bus* of discovering the new *golden world*,
or our Modern Navigators the *North-
erne Indies*; thence-forwards his cloven
Tongue is tipt with *Prophecy*, he never
opens his mouth, but tis *Bearded* with a
Planet; let the discourse be what it will,
he still speaks *Astrology*, and magnifies
Urania, though she may be (for ought he
knows to the contrary) a footer of *stockings*.
Ask him what 'tis a *clock*, he answers,
Sol.

The Character of

Sol wants three degrees of the *Cusp* of the mid-heaven. Inquire what news from the *Rhine*, and he'll tell you of *Jupiter* and *Saturn* at daggers drawing in the fiery *Trigon*, that the *Dragons tail* has stung the *Dog-star*, and *Ursa major* the blind Bear to be whipt by *Gemini*, about the *Antar-tick Pole*. Some say, he took his first be-
ing from a cunning Woman, and stole this black Art from her, whilst he made her Sea-coal fires, but he boasts 'tis all acquir'd by his own industry, and if so, you may swear no man ever more veri-
fied the Proverb, *He that teaches himself, has a Fool for his Master*: the truth is, if any able *Proficient* out of a generous charity, discover to him the first Ele-
ments of Art, his gratitude (like *Aristotles* to *Plato*,) is to abuse his *Instructor*, with opprobrious epithets of black-mouth'd detraction, and convince the World by railing, that his skill in *Star-craft* is taller

a Quack Astrologer.

taller than his *Tutors*, by *six Cubits*
and a *Span* He impudently cites *Ptolomy*
and *Cardan*, and makes *Haly* and *Abuma-*
zar his common vouchers, yet scarce
understands *the Book of knowledg*; and his
Library for seven years is *the Introduction*,
and *Erra pater*. You might know him by
his thred-bare *Blew-gown*, that served two
apprenticeships to his back, and was worn
without mercy in the hottest of the
Dog-dayes. You may learn Astrology
without instruction, by the character
of his face, on which 'tis as hard to find
the Image of God, as to discover the true
Effigies of a Saint by his weather-
beaten Statue: for the wrinkles on his
Necromantick brow represent the 12
signs, & all the *Monsters* on the celestial
Globe are drawn to the life in his counte-
nance. His prime task is to *Con hard words*,
with which he startles his trembling
Querents, who take them for names of

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The Character of

his confederate *Dæmons*. *Asmodeus* and *Mefautophilus* are not half so terrible: they are too boysterous for *Prose*; but there are Charms in *Verse*, we will therefore shackle them in *Meeter*, where they run like the hobbling rhymes on the top of an Almanack,

Anababigon, Dodecatemory,
Hermetick, Trutine, Combust, Cazimi,
Horoscope, Animodar, Smoaky denn,
Caput Algol, Hylec, dreadful Almuten,
Alcocodonean, Apheta, Anomaly,
Retrogradation, Orientality,
Apogæon, Zenith, Nadir, Cosmical,
Acronick, Azimuth, Helio-centrical,
Sextile, Trine, Quadrate, and oppos'd Aspect,
Eccentric, Epicycle, Polar, Epact,
Grim Trigons, Radix Genethliacal
Refraination, Schemes Profectional,
Direction, Anareta, Transition,
Micros-comparatos, and Cauda's position.

But to proceed more methodically,
tis

a Quack Astrologer.

'tis requisite according to rules of art, we consider the *radix* of our prodigious Subject.

He was begot (like *Martin*) by an *Incubus* on a *Lapland Witch* (whence he can easier resolve any question than who was his proper *Father*.) The eldest of the *Sibyls* plaid the Midwife to this Moon-Calf, and *Dame Shipton* his drie Nurse fed him with *May-dew*, & *Pap* of *Trismegistus*, rock'd him to sleep with a whirlwind, lullabi'd him with the still Musick of the *Sphears*, and wrapt him up in the *Zodiack* for want of swadling clouts. Himself is most fit to Calculate his own Nativity; but if *Scorpio* be not slander'd when 'tis intituled *signum falsitatis*, (a sign of a treacherous Nature) 'tis doubtless his true ascendent. Some fancy the *Egyptians* & *Caldeans*, (those *Bel-weathers* of superstition) were mainly invited to *sydereal studies* by the plain and champaign scituation of their
B 2 Countries.

The Character of

Countries. Who knows but his lofty education might first set out *Astrologer* a gog, who sitting many years on his *Throne* like an *Eastern Monarch*, (for, spite of his *Doctor ship*, he is originally a Knight of the *cross-leg'd order*), in a Garret four stories high, had the better opportunity to contemplate the *cœlestial bodies*, and search out the meaning of their respective *twinklings*? He affirms the *Patriarchs* were all as great *Astrologers* as *Alphonsus*, or the *three Kings of Colen*, and would gladly at any time exchange the *two tables* of Gods commandments, for *Enochs pillars*. He loves *Job* the better for the *sweet influences of the Pleiades*, and offers to make *affidavit*, that *Jacobs Ladder* was only a *Jacobs staff*. To see him perpetually poring on *Heaven*, makes me wonder, a man should busie himself so much about a place he is never like to come to: you would think his eyes
were

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were nail'd to the Stars, for he is al-
wayes looking upwards, yet dares believe
nothing above *primum mobile*, because 'tis
beyond the reach of his *Astrolabe*. He is
a punctual *time-server*, even to a *minute*,
and when he is most busily imploy'd
without Question does nothing. His
groundless *Guesses* he calls *Resolves*, and
compels the Stars (like *Knights o'th' Post*,)
to depose things they know no more
than the Man i'th' Moon; as if Heaven
were necessary to all the cheating tricks
Hell inspires him with.

He begins with *theft*, and to help
people to what they have lost, picks their
pockets afresh; not a ring or spoon is nim'd
away, but payes him *twelve pence toll*, and
the Ale-drappers often straying *tanker'd*
yields him a constant revenue: for that
purpose he maintains as strict a corre-
spondence with *Gills* and *Lifters*, as a
Mountebank with applauding *Mid-*
wives

The Character of

wives and recommending *Nurses*: and if at any time, to keep up his credit with the Rabble, he *discovers* any thing, 'tis done by the same occult *Hermetick learning*, heretofore profest by the renowned *Mall-Culperse*.

At other times there's nothing more pleasant than his *shuffling* evasions; first, he gravely inquires the *business*, and by subtile questions *pumps* out certain particulars which he treasures up in his memory; next, he consults his old rusty *Clock*, which has got a trick of *Lying*, as fast as its Master, and amuses you for a quarter of an hour, with scrawling out the *All-revealing figure*, and placing the Planets in their respective *Pues*; all which being dispatch'd, you must lay down your *money* on his book, as you do the *Wedding fees* to the *Parson* at the delivery of the Ring; for 'tis a fundamental *Axiome* in his art, That
with-

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without crossing his hand with Silver no Scheme can be radical: then he begins to tell you back your own Tale in other language, and you take that for *divination*, which is but *repetition*; he neither knowes nor regards the rules of the Ancients, nor the true position of the heavens, but follows his *Fancy*, and sayes what he thinks will please most; to colour which he abuses an honest Aphorisme, *A te & Scientiâ*. The old Shepherd that got the repute of being weather-wise, by telling one man it would rain such a day, and another, that it would be fair, learn'd that trick of this *Hiccius Doctius*, who to hit the white shoots opposite wayes, and predicts *contrarieties* of the same matter; thus he tells you,

The Lord of the *second* separating from *Saturn*, *Mercury* Peregrine, without shooe or stocking, beholding the man, and the significator of the thief,
in

The Character of

in square to the ascendent, *infallibly* shew
your things are *stoln*; but the Moon in
the seventh house, and the Lord of the
Horoscope being Lord of the hour,
tell him, they are *only mislaid, or strayed a-*
way, and therefore you were best look
carefully for them. Then he asks, if you
have never a suspicious person that
much frequents your house? you pre-
sently think of some body, and your
answer discovering the Sex, he won-
derfully tells you whether it be man or
woman. For a description, he sayes, he
must mix the Testimonies of the Signi-
ficators, which he blends so accurately,
that your fancy may apply it to any
that you please to mistrust. As to the
grand Quere, Shall the moveables be
recovered? he answers, after a serious
shake of his empty noddle, that al-
though an Infortune retrograde in the
eighth, and the Sun many fathom under
earth

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earth, have no mind to restore them till
latter *Lammas*, yet the dispositor of the
Moon in partile Trine to the Ascen-
dent, (being his special friend) has en-
gaged on his honour you shall have
them again by Tuesday come seaven-
night; and that *Mercury* that notori-
ous pilferer, being in Northern sign,
and Westernly quarter, in the South-
ern-angle of the Oriental Triplicity,
plainly shews they are convey'd *North*
and by *South*, whereupon he sends you
on a fruitless Pilgrimage to *Long-lane*,
Pepper-Alley, or *Cow-cross*, yet would have
you to know, he could fetch them back
in an instant through the Air, only he
fears destroying his Majesties Fleet,
and spoyling *Sherwood-forrest* by the vio-
lence of the tempest, and would shew
you the phantasme of the thief, but that
he knows you will be frighted out of
your wits, to see a worse Divel than
himself. However he asks how and in

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The Character of

what part you please to have the rogue Ch
tormented; and to prevent the like da Gr
mage hereafter, offers for five pieces to co
give you home with you a Talismaner
against flies, a Sigil to make you fortu
nate at Gaming, and a Spell that shall
as certainly preserve you from
being rob'd for the future, a sympathet
tical powder from the violent pains o
the tooth-ach. This is his greener pra
ctice, till being arriv'd by the success o
his villanies to a plush Jacket, he grows
too squeamish to intermeddle with
these beggarly Elements, stoln Bodone
kins, or she-asses gone astray. For the
women hearing of his Fame, throng
after in droves, and a Fleet of Coaches
rides every morning at his door. Th
young Gallant bribes him with a Guin
ny, to know when his miserable Fa
ther will have the civility to go to Hea
ven; and is so pious as to double it, if w
by Art he can expedite his journey. The
Cham.

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u Chamber-maid lately cured of the
la Green-sickness, by lying in the trundle-
toed, comes to know whether the But-
aner will accept of his Masters cast
ru suit for a Livery. And the old tooth-
al ess Lady must needs be resolv'd con-
cerning a seventh Husband. All these
enedispences Oracles too, with a confi-
dence equal'd by nothing but his igno-
arance; for if any presume to scruple his
o judgment, he flies into a passion, and
as the Poet justified his Play) seals
th with an oath, the truth of his predicti-
dons.

he The best use can be made of him, is as
a helper forward in an amorous intri-
gue; at which he is exceeding dexte-
rous, and so good Natur'd, that he will
not refuse to pimp for a bountiful que-
arent. He trappans a young Heiress to
a-run away with a Foot-man, by per-
suading a young girl 'tis her destiny ;
and sells the old and ugly Philtress and

The Character of

love-powder, to procure them Sweet harts. He finds the minute, the precise one minute that no woman can hold out in, and when a man may venture on the sweet sin, even in the Park, and defie the Chirurgion. He elects a fit time for adulterous meetings, and directs them whether *North or West, Barnet or Battersea* will be least obnoxious to discovery; yet cannot all his skill conceal his own debaucheries: for the malicious Planets, (in pure revenge 'cause he blabs abroad so many of their secrets,) will not suffer him to keep a wench in private, or oblige the Parish with an Astrological By-blow in hand-basket, but they'll tell all to the babling World, which laughs to behold the celestial Scout-master, exposed to the correction of the Sessions and infamy of a penitential sheet.

His mighty ambition is to write an Almanack, which he doubts not but will make him more famous, than either
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ther *Copernicus* or *Kepler*, though it only unlock the Terms, point out high-ways, and direct Mountebanks and Sow-gelders the proper season of the year to kill or torture in. The frontif-
peice (if he can go to the charge,) shall be garnish'd with a gaudy picture, which he bribes the engraver to make not like but handsome; this sets off the pamphlet in a Country fair, as a horse sells the better for the ribbon, wherewith Jockey tyes up his tayl. He would willingly (like the grand Signior) strangle all his Brethren, and cries out against his fellow ignorants, as publick whores against private for spoiling the trade. He takes a world of pains to vindicate himself from certain magical feats, which no wise man ever beleiv'd, he or any body else could perform: and is so passionate in denying that ridiculous charge, as if he intend-
ed you should still suspect him guilty.
The

The Character of

The first leaf demonstrates *Ptolomy* to be as infallible as *Euclid*, and in six lines confutes all the learned volumes of *Mirandula* and *Gassendus*. His Calender musters up more Saints than the world now a dayes yields good Christians, and each moneth is fac'd with such heroick verse, as scorns to be confin'd to the dull pedantries of measure and sence. He writes of the weather hab nab, and as the toy takes him, chequers the year with foul & fair. The novice star-reader peruses it with as much reverence as a Jew, the Pentateuch; but the Country man makes bold with it for a registry, wherein he files his most important memoires; when his Mare took Horse, Puss kitled, or Goreback went to Bull. In the rear of the fardle stands that gastly Goblin the Anatomy, under which we have notice of some universal Pill, or wondrous cures the Author can performe. For you must know, a cunning-
man

a Quack Astrologer.

man is an infallible introduction to an Emperick, & (as some Rats are both for land and water,) his judgment at the Scheme and the Urinal is equally excellent. If the physick of the dog-leech turn not your stomach, lets jog on to the Prog, and now, Readers! *Linguis animisq; favete*, with reverend silence attend the oracle, who comes to cut out the fate of the year, & allot each Kingdome and State its destiny. The Text is *Sol* in *Aries*, which he can either make as terrible as Curse the *Meroz* of old, and mould into marmalad and sugar plumbs at his pleasure. Sometimes he threatens *Poland*; by and by falls upon the *Sweed*, (like a renegado from christianity,) brings the *Turk* into *Hungary*, strikes the *Pope* into a *Feaver*, frights the *Empress*, and makes her miscarry, musters up the rebellious *Cossacks* and sets *Prestor John*, & the *Crim Tartar* together by the ears.

All this mischief he performes by the mysterious art of canting, and the help

of

The Character of &c.

of his louty rhetoric, that cheats people into an opinion of his abilities; having purloyned some shreds of Latine, he lards therewith his dry discourses, and Greek comes to him (as other Brutes have their knowledg) by instinct, for he writes it before he can distinguish one letter of the Alphabēt. He antedates effects to their causes, and maintains each herb and flower receiveth its virtue from the Planets, whereas those were growing before these were created. He impairs Gods universal monarchy, by making the Stars sole keepers of the liberties of the sublunary world, & not content they should domineer over naturals, will needs promote their tyranny in things artificial too, asserting, that all manufactures receive good or ill fortunes and qualities from some particular radix, and therefore elects a time for stuing of Pettins, and chuses a pipot by its horoscope. Nothing pusses him more than fatal necessity: he is loth to deny it, yet dares not justify it, and therefore prudently banishes it his theory, but hugs it in his practice, yet knows not how to avoid the horns of that excellent *Dilemma*, propounded by a most ingenious Modern Poet.

If fate be not, how shall we aught fore-see,

Or how shall we avoid it, if it be?

If by free will in our own paths we move,

How are we bounded by decrees above?

To conclude; his certainty in declaring future events, is like the predictions made to *Caesar*, *Crassus* and *Pompey*, or that of *Bar-dug* to the thrice noble Captain, who all notwithstanding the promises of such blanding Hypocrites of Long-life and prosperity, fell by the strokes of a violent and untimely fate. To avoid the scandal whereof, he commonly studies ambiguous expressions applicable to every time, Prince and Nation. And when any extraordinary accident happens, glories that he foretold it, and fortifies his old Prognostications with new reasons; or if he be convict of falshood, excuses it with blasphemy, or at least, cloakes one lye with another, saying, the wise man rules the stars, whereas in truth (as the learned *Agrippa* long since observ'd) neither the Stars rule the wisemen, nor the wisemen the stars, but God over-rules them both.

FINIS.

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